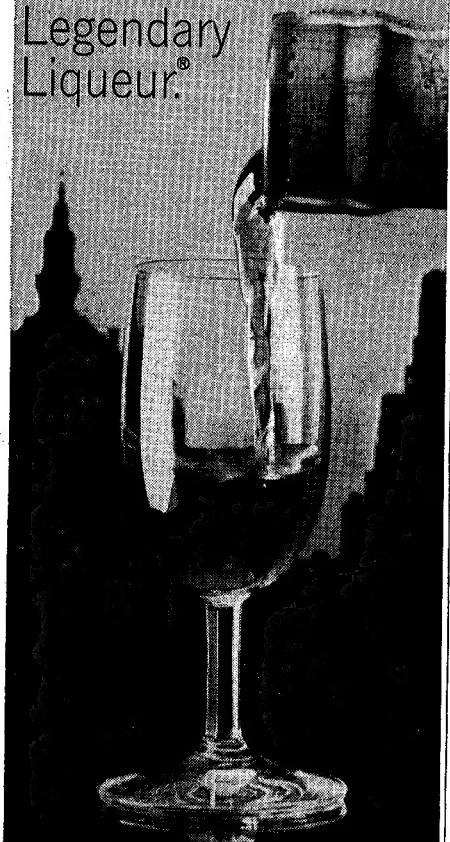


**Tonight
after
twilight,
come
to know
the mystery
of Ireland's
Legendary
Liqueur.[®]**



Sip Irish Mist[®] Liqueur neat after dinner. Blended with rich heather honey, rare Gaelic herbs. As different from Irish whiskey as liqueur is from liquor.



OCTOBER 1965

VOL. 16 ISSUE 8M

DINERS

CLUB • MAGAZINE

| | | |
|--------------------------|-----------|--|
| Departments | 4 | From the Editor |
| | 24 | Test Yourself |
| | 28 | Bookshelf |
| | 40 | The Short Short Story <i>We Will Come Back</i> by Jack Ritchie |
| Food | 84 | Quote and Unquote |
| | 10 | Dining in America <i>by Franco Borghese</i> |
| Humor | 22 | ... And Still More Looney Laws On Bed, Board and Bottle <i>by Dick Hyman</i> |
| Health | 36 | What Is Your HIQ? <i>by Leslie R. Jones</i> |
| Travel | 42 | Innocents Aboard <i>by Bill Ballantine</i> |
| Sports | 62 | Football For Love and (Sometimes) Money <i>by Arturo F. Gonzalez Jr.</i> |
| Features | 52 | Wrestling: The Great Put-on <i>by Milton Gross</i> |
| | 56 | The Sole Shrine of Hollywood <i>by I. G. Edmonds</i> |
| | 60 | Offbeat Fashion Shows |
| | 64 | What's the Big Idea? <i>by Lee Silvian</i> |
| Fiction | 50 | Stately Homes . . . and the Box <i>by Arthur Porges</i> |
| Menswear Fashions | 67 | Fall Fashion Forecast |
| Our Cover | | Author/artist Bill Ballantine's impression of a Calypso farewell as seen from the deck of a Grace Line cruise ship. Read his story on page 42. |

PHOTO CREDITS

p. 53 Wrestling Revue/pp. 56 & 57 (l.) Culver Pictures; (r.) UPI/p. 58 (l.) UPI; (r.) Wide World/ pp. 60 & 61 Edward Ozern/p. 63 Steve Shapiro, © Sports Illustrated

*executive editor
managing editor
art director
art editor
assistant editor
contributing editor*

*national
advertising representatives
associate advertising director
business manager
circulation manager
advertising representatives:*

*San Francisco
Chicago
Los Angeles
Miami*

MATTY SIMMONS
GEORGE EELLS
JOHN V. CIOFALO
RICHARD SOMMERS
ADRIENNE HELLER
DAVID ALDRICH

LEONARD MOGEL ASSOCIATES, INC.

*Donald J. Crawford
Edythe Kopman
Marge Landrau*

*Duncan Scott & Marshall, 85 Post Street
Gravenhorst & Associates, 873 Forest Hill Road, Lake Forest
Duncan Scott & Marshall, 1830 West Eighth Street
The Hal Winter Company, 7450 Ocean Terrace, Miami Beach*

© 1965, The Diners Club, Inc. All Rights Reserved. "The Diners Club" is a trademark and service mark owned exclusively by The Diners Club, Inc. An edition of "The Diners Club Magazine" is published in Athens, Bombay, Bogota, Brussels, London, Manila, Melbourne, Mexico City, Paris, Rio de Janeiro, Tokyo.

Diners Club Offices

New York: 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y. 10019, Circle 5-1500; Chicago: 224 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60601, RA 6-2775; Los Angeles: Gateway West, Suite 700, Century City, L.A., Calif. 90067, 277-1500.

Other U. S. Offices:

2273 Kalakaua, Suite 212, Honolulu, Hawaii, 938-408; 420 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach, Florida, JE 2-5539; Penn Sheraton Hotel, Lobby Level, Pittsburgh, Pa., CO 1-1007; Jack Tar Hotel, Van Ness and Geary Streets, San Francisco, Calif., GR 4-8722; 91 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada, EM 3-9545.

Published twelve times yearly by The Diners Club, Inc., 10 Columbus Circle, New York, N. Y. 10019. Alfred Bloomingdale, President and Chairman of the Board. One dollar paid annual subscription to the Diners Club Magazine. Publication Office: 2201 Haskell Ave., Lawrence, Kansas. Second class postage paid at Lawrence, Kansas, and at additional mailing offices.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: SUBSCRIBERS—Please send change of address to the Diners Club office handling your account. Magazine address change will be made automatically.

POSTMASTER—Please mail form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, Diners Club Magazine, 10 Columbus Circle, New York, New York 10019.

For editorial and advertising information, write or call: Business Manager, Diners Club Magazine, 10 Columbus Circle, N.Y.C., N.Y. 10019, Circle 5-1500.

We Will Come Back

The Short Short / by Jack Ritchie

His thick blunt fingers rifled through the bundle of currency. "It is nothing but paper to me."

My father smiled slightly. "You do not accept your country's money?"

The innkeeper shrugged. "I have a cupboard of this paper. Tomorrow, the government will probably print more." He regarded my father and me speculatively. "In times such as these, gold is still good. Or silver."

I removed a coin from my pocket and showed it to him.

He reached for it, but I pulled my hand back. "You will get this when we are over the border."

His eyes flickered. "How do I know it is not counterfeit? There are many such coins these days."

"It is gold," I said. I opened my hand.

He picked up the coin and examined it. "Ah," he said. "One of the old ones. I have not seen one in a long time." He returned the coin reluctantly. "Very well. We will leave at dawn tomorrow."

He studied us again. "You would like something to eat?"

My father nodded. "And brandy."

He shook his head. "We do not have brandy. Only whisky."

My father grimaced. "And I suppose the farmers about here make it for you?" He sighed. "Very well. Whisky."

The innkeeper still waited.

"We will pay for it in silver," I said.

He smiled and left us.

My father and I moved closer to the fire. He warmed his hands. "Perhaps we do not need him at all. It is only 10 miles to the border."

"Yes," I said. "But that is forest and we do not know the paths. Even if it is only 10 miles, it might take us days without a guide."

My father agreed wearily. "I suppose you are right. We have traveled for two weeks. And even a day more than necessary seems too much." He watched the flames. "How many do you think have fled so far?"

"At least 20,000," I said. "That is what I heard."

He sighed. "And how many more would leave if they could?"

"Not one in three favored the revolution," I said.

My father smiled faintly. "That is difficult to believe today. Everyone proclaims himself a patriot of the new government."

I kicked a smoldering ember back into the fire. "The revolution was the work of a small band of fanatics."

My father nodded. "That is the way of revolutions. And the two out of three who were loyal did nothing. Or almost nothing."

"We tried," I said.

"Yes," my father said. "We tried. And now we must leave our country with nothing but the clothes on our backs and a few coins."

"It is not my country," I said. "Not any more."

The innkeeper returned with the whisky and two mugs. He placed them on the rough wooden table. "The meat will be ready soon." He went to a barrel against the wall and poured himself what appeared to be beer. He did not seem disposed to leave us.

My father poured whisky for himself and me and then spoke to him. "You have guided others across the border before?"

The innkeeper wiped his lips. "Some."

"And have you ever gotten into trouble?"

He shook his head. "No trouble. Why should there be trouble?"

I tasted my whisky and it was indeed raw. "Tell me, innkeeper," I said. "Did you participate in the revolution? Did you carry a weapon on your shoulder?"

He smiled. "There was no fighting here. I never saw a soldier from either side."

He cautiously looked us over. "It has been more than a year since the revolution ended. Did it take you all this time to reach the border?"

My father's voice was tired. "We tried to adjust."

The innkeeper squinted slightly. "Adjust?"

"Yes," I said bitterly. "We tried to adjust. We went back to our lands and we tried to accept the new government. We worked and we held our tongues. But our neighbors became more and more patriotic and, one night, after they had consumed a keg of whisky, they came and burned down our buildings."

The innkeeper clucked his tongue. "I have heard about these things. But nothing such as that was done here." His dark eyes seemed to linger on our traveling bags. "But at least you still had the land. Or did you sell it when you left?"

"No," I said. "We did not sell our land. Our glorious state decided to confiscate it." I smiled grimly. "And how do you like the new government?"

He shrugged. "It has not disturbed me yet. All things are the same as they were."

A stout woman, who was evidently his wife, brought the steaming platter to the table and left. My father and I sat down and began our meal. The innkeeper refilled his mug.

"Why could you not just move to another part of the country where they do not know you? What is across the border that you cannot find here?"

I looked up and glared. "Freedom."

He grinned broadly. "That is what everyone says we have here now."

When we finished eating, I rose. "And now if you will show us to our room?"

The innkeeper nodded. "Follow me upstairs." He led us to a small room in which the only furniture was a low bedstead and a dirty, straw-filled mattress. He still seemed unduly interested in the traveling bags I put on the floor.

I smiled and tapped the pistol at my belt. "I am a very light sleeper. Very light."

His eyes sparkled for a moment. "Sleep well. When dawn comes, you will be alive to see it."

My father and I slept fitfully and we welcomed the sun when it finally rose. After breakfast, the innkeeper appeared in a heavy coat and we began our journey on horseback.

By the sun, I estimated that it was close to noon when the innkeeper pulled up his horse on a high clearing. "I believe we are across the border now," he said, "though boundaries are fairly loose up here." He pocketed the coin I gave him. "I suppose you will be back with an army?"

It seemed that he had read my mind. I flushed slightly. "What makes you think that?"

His smile was wide. "That is what all the young ones say. In the 14 months since Yorktown, I have heard it a dozen times. That they will return with an army and they will hang Washington, Ben Franklin, Jefferson, Madison and all the rest. But somehow I do not believe that it will be."

My face was still warm as I slapped my horse smartly and rode into Canada. Ω